

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CLIII.—NO. 14.

NEWPORT, R. I., SEPTEMBER 10, 1910.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,561.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.
182 THAMES STREET.
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected intelligence and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching to many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies 10 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

- ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 265, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.
- DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen, President; Anton Christensen, Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.
- COURT WARRIORS, No. 679, Foresters of America—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dancy, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
- THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Conaghan, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Donnelly, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
- DANCERS OF THE TRISTLE, No. 2—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adeline Houshield. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
- ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curry; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.
- BROWNS LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
- DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets 1st Friday.
- OLAN McLEOD, No. 183—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
- NEWPORT LODGE, No. 230, Independent Order of Sons of the Sea—John L. Pratt, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

More Hotel Talk.

Newport is being treated to the somewhat familiar sensation of discussing plans for a new hotel, along somewhat different lines from those previously talked of. While the many failures of the past have made lots of Newporters decidedly pessimistic regarding anything that resembles a hotel, there seems to be no reason why the present plan might not succeed.

Coddington Point is the site selected for the proposed hotel, and as the owners of the land there are the ones who are promoting the matter, there is no doubt about the land being available. Mr. and Mrs. George Hamilton, Pell of New York are the present owners of the well known property of the late Charles S. Bates, who was a familiar figure in Newport up to the time of his death. Their plan is to erect a commodious hotel on the Bates estate with a number of attractive private cottages in the neighborhood. To this end their plan is to give one acre of ground to each subscriber for \$5000 worth of stock in the hotel, thus including the building of cottages around the hotel. Plans have been drawn for the hotel and call for an attractive and comfortable house.

The site selected is an excellent one. Coddington Point has long been regarded by those familiar with that region as one of the most beautiful places in Newport, the only drawback being its inaccessibility. With the extension of the Washington street boulevard it will be more easily reached from the city, and in the present time of popularity of the motor car it will not be far from the city. The point has every natural attraction and if properly laid out for a hotel and cottage colony it would be a beautiful place. The owners of the land claim that \$75,000 has already been subscribed for the project.

Whether or not the Navy Department would prefer to buy the land for future growth is a possible question that might arise. Certainly the navy needs the Point, but the time may not now be ripe for them to secure it.

Miss Zabriskie, daughter of the late Mr. Sarah Titus Zabriskie, will sail for Paris to-day to remain about two months.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening, Mayor Boyle presiding for the first time since he was taken ill several weeks ago. Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health,	\$300.00
Books, stationery and printing,	1,015.83
City Auditor,	601.50
Fire department,	1,262.25
Incidentals,	867.42
Lighting streets,	3,217.75
Marine grounds,	50.00
Dog fund,	50.00
Newport state,	423.00
Auditing tax book,	302.68
Town Jewell Sympson fund,	74.14
Tuberculosis relief,	325.12
Water supply,	2,900.00
Police,	174.41
Poor department,	125.50
Public buildings,	2,022.92
Public Parks,	1,818.85
Public schools,	5,839.61
Public accounts, for playgrounds,	136.00
Streets and highways,	4,772.11
Total,	\$28,573.21

Monthly reports were received from the street commissioner and the inspector of nuisances. A petition from A. Erickson for remission of taxes was referred to the tax assessors.

After the regular business meeting, the board met as a board of canvassers and looked over the voting lists for the State election. The new State law requires the use of district lists, which of course differ from the old ward lists, and these had been prepared by City Clerk F. N. Fullerton. They were approved by the board and ordered to be posted. The collector of taxes presented a list of those who have already paid their personal taxes and the city clerk was directed to put on the voting lists the names of such as were entitled to go there. The same action was taken on a list of names of those who have taken out their final naturalization papers.

A resolution was passed appointing Wednesday, October 12; Friday, October 21, and Friday, October 28, at 8 p. m., and Wednesday, November 2, at 10 a. m., as the times for canvassing, and directing the lists for the election to be held Tuesday, November 8.

A resolution was passed appointing the voting places for elections, until otherwise designated, as follows: First district, No. 2 engine house; Second district, No. 4 engine house; Third district, No. 1 engine house; Fourth district, No. 7 engine house; Fifth district, No. 6 engine house.

At the session of the board on Thursday evening, there was considerable business to be transacted, including the change in the officers of the police department. There was some talk about an illegal slaughter house on Callender avenue and it was stated that steps will be taken to suppress it.

In regard to the matter of dividing Newport into voting districts for the State election, the city solicitor ruled that such division would be necessary and a resolution was passed fixing the lines of the districts.

Regular weekly bills and pay rolls were approved.

Arctic Steamer Here.

Newport has been treated this week to the somewhat unusual spectacle of an Arctic exploring vessel, just returned from the northern wilderness. The steamer Boethius, which conducted the expedition of Paul J. Rainey and Harry Whitney to the far north, arrived in Narragansett Bay last Sunday and proceeded at once to Bristol, where she made her landing. Mr. Rainey proceeded at once to Newport, where he is well known and was warmly welcomed by his friends of the summer colony. The vessel received a number of visitors while here and was an object of much interest in the harbor. She sailed for New York on Tuesday.

The Boethius was under the command of Captain Robert Bartlett, and left Battle harbor only a few days before her arrival here.

The hunters visited Sparbo, the camp of Dr. Cook when the doctor arrived back from his reputed visit to the pole, and found there the hut in which the Brooklyn physician lived. No data of any sort were discovered, merely the shell of the hut remaining. This was made of make-shift material, with whalebones supporting the roof and the sides and roof thatched with musk-oxen hide.

All through the hunting expedition which extended as far north as the 80th parallel, which only a few years ago would have satisfied many Arctic explorers, the hunters were accompanied by Eskimos, several of whom accompanied Commander Peary on his sledge drive to the pole.

A disgusting case, portraying unbelievable ignorance, sordidness and vice, has been tried in the District Court recently, the defendant being discharged on the ground that the date of the alleged offense differed by a year from that named in the warrant, the parties to the case having no idea of the reckoning of time. It was a Tiverton case.

Mrs. John H. Caswell is seriously ill at her home on Bull street.

Boy Scouts Organized.

During the drenching downpour of Monday morning there was an interesting meeting in the Y. M. C. A., called at almost a moment's notice for the purpose of hearing Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton tell of the boy scout movement in Great Britain and America. It was not known until a short time before the meeting that it would be possible to have Mr. Seton address the people, but as soon as Mr. Chaplin had been successful in securing him he notified as many persons interested as he could reach by telephone. In spite of the heavy rain they responded well and there was quite a little gathering to hear the distinguished naturalist and author.

Mr. Seton had just come to Newport from a camp where he has been training young men in many of the natural arts. He gave a very interesting history of the scout movement which has had a rapid growth from nothing to a large number of members. The object of the organization is to assist the present educational agencies and to teach the boys to be sturdy and self-reliant, to do things for themselves and others.

There was an informal discussion of the subject after Mr. Seton had finished his address and its relation to Newport needs was talked over. Rev. William Safford Jones was made temporary chairman and appointed a nominating committee to select an executive committee to act with Mr. Ellis L. Jackson, the scout commissioner for Newport. The executive committee selected consists of the following: Reginald Norman, Hartford, W. H. Powell, Harry A. Titus, Frederick P. Garretson, John Mahan, Rev. M. F. Reddy, Ellis L. Jackson, Commander P. W. Hourigan, Alfred R. C. Galzeu-neier, Rev. W. S. Jones, and Wilfred H. Chaplin.

Delegates Entertained.

About 600 delegates to the Atlantic Deep-sea Waterways Convention arrived in Newport on the steamer Warwick last Saturday, landing first at the Training Station where they were welcomed by the local committee and had an opportunity to view the weekly muster of the boys. Commander Hourigan escorted the visitors about the station so that they could see all the places of interest.

The Warwick then sailed for a tour of the lower bay and the party was served at luncheon on board the steamer. At 1.30 she again touched at Newport, landing this time at Commercial wharf. Under the direction of Mr. George P. Lawton, there was an immense string of vehicles of all kinds drawn up on the wharf, and the visitors were seated therein as speedily as possible. The long line of carriages then started for the Ocean Drive and the strangers were delighted with the beauties that they saw.

On the return a few of the carriages stopped at the Newport Casino in order to have a brief glimpse of the Horse Show, but most of them kept right on to the wharf where they boarded the steamer for home. There was only one mishap, the big "rubber neck" wagon breaking down on the road which necessitated sending other carriages after those who were passengers on that.

The delegates enjoyed their Newport visit as much as any feature of the convention, and they all returned to their homes delighted with Rhode Island's hospitality.

A petition is being circulated for signatures asking that the line of the Old Colony street railway be continued further in the fifth ward. There have been in the past a number of attempts to have the line extended southward below Morton park toward Bailey's Beach, but the present effort is being made by residents of the section west of Morton park, the idea being to have the line run down Morton avenue on the northern side of the park, with a terminus at Harrison and Carroll avenues, or at Rosemont avenue and East-nor road. It would be a big convenience to the residents of that section of the city.

Officer Casey of the Newport police force was the recipient of a handsome gold watch that was presented to him by the coachmen and chauffeurs of the cottage colony at the Golf Club ball Monday night. There was not much speechmaking but the men were glad to present the watch as expressive of his treatment of them during the summer, and Casey was glad to receive such a token of their feeling toward him. It was a pleasant occasion all around.

Commodore Gerry's yacht Electra will go into winter quarters at Sullivan's wharf as soon as she returns from dry dock in Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Seabury of New York have been guests of Col. and Mrs. John C. Seabury in this city this week.

Lots of Rain.

Many of those who had planned to spend Labor Day out of doors changed their minds, and not without reason. The reason was that it rained a little, and then a little more, and then some. As a matter of fact more than two inches of rain fell in Newport between dawn and one o'clock. Inasmuch as an inch of rain is considered a large supply for one full day it can be estimated somewhat as to how hard it rained at times.

The day opened with rain, accompanied by a little thunder and lightning. The shower began a little before five o'clock in the morning, and it came down in torrents, lasting for considerable time. The lightning was not close enough to do any damage but it awoke many sleepers considerably earlier than they intended to wake on a holiday.

It rained off and on at intervals during the forenoon and about 12 o'clock there was another sharp shower in which the rain fell even more rapidly than during the early morning. The water poured off the streets on hill-sides in torrents and quickly overflowed the capacity of the sewers. Thames street was filled from curb to curb and in places where the sidewalks are low it went up to the buildings. The flood was especially in evidence on Thames street at Mary, Touris and Marlboro streets. At Mary street the flood poured across Thames street and sought the only available outlet, running down Almy's wharf to the harbor. The water rose so high on the Almy building that every passing vehicle would send a wave of water across the floor, and down the wharf the water stood a foot deep before it could pass over the edge of the wharf. If it had been high tide the wharves would have been even a worse mess. The rain ceased about 4 o'clock and the water quickly disappeared.

Monday afternoon and evening were wet and disagreeable even though no more rain fell. A dense wet fog set in and lasted all day and the humidity and heat were very oppressive.

In spite of the bad weather there were many excursions in the city and most of them got soaked to the skin. They did not seem to be enjoying their day's outing very much. It was bad weather for the Horse Show, and for about everything else that had been planned for the day but nevertheless there were clambakes and other outings held during the afternoon. Fortunately there had been no formal programme for a celebration of Labor Day in this city, but in Providence a big Labor Day parade had been planned. It was held but with greatly diminished ranks.

The Newport Horse Show has hardly been as popular this year as usual, due perhaps to the fact that some of the famous exhibitors of previous years were absent from the ring. Neither Alfred G. Vanderbilt nor Reginald C. Vanderbilt has been at the show, although the latter would undoubtedly have been seen there if his health permitted. The weather on each day was decidedly bad, and of course seriously interfered with the attendance. More disagreeable weather for any outdoor event could hardly be imagined.

Rev. E. F. Barrow, pastor of the Union Congregational Church, has tendered his resignation to take effect on October 1st. The resignation was read at the regular morning service last Sunday. Mr. Barrow succeeded Rev. Byron Gunner in the pastorate of the church, coming here from Amherst, Mass., in 1906. He is well liked by the members of his church and many others in Newport.

The stock of the William H. Cotton drug store has been sold out of town parties and the store will be closed after having been engaged in business for nearly a century. It was established by the late Dr. Charles Cotton about the year 1823.

Lieutenant Robert W. Kerr of the Medical Corps of the army has been ordered to Cebu, Philippine Islands. Lieutenant Kerr is a Newport boy and the son of Representative Robert Kerr.

Mr. William H. Huntington, pharmacist at the Training Station, was operated upon for appendicitis at the naval hospital on Saturday. He is doing as well as could be expected.

Judge and Mrs. Robert M. Franklin are enjoying a two weeks' vacation at their farm in North Kingstown. They are accompanied by Mrs. Franklin's father, Mr. William A. Armstrong.

Hon. Robert S. Franklin has returned from Milwaukee where he attended the national taxation convention as a member of the commission on taxation laws of Rhode Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil S. Blumenkranz, of Providence, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on Sunday, September 4.

Captain Griffith Retires.

At the meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, Mayor Boyle read the request of Captain Allen C. Griffith of the police department to be placed on the retired list, giving as his reason therefor the impaired condition of his health. The board voted to grant the request, and to fill the vacancy Mayor Boyle announced the following promotions, which were confirmed by the board: Sergeant William J. T. Northup to be captain, Sergeant Joseph A. Schneider to be first sergeant, Sergeant James J. Leary to be second sergeant, and Patrolman Michael J. Courty to be third sergeant. Special Officer Robert C. Seiff was made a member of the permanent force.

Captain Griffith's retirement came as a great surprise both to the general public and his brother officers. For the past few months he had suffered from a nervous ailment which seemed to grow upon him and he feared that his health might be permanently shattered unless he secured relief from his burdensome duties.

Captain Griffith has always been a competent and efficient officer, a man who has taken a great interest in the department and has helped very materially to make it efficient. He has long been active in the interests of the Police Retirement Fund and has had the pleasure of seeing it grow under his efficient management. He was first appointed a special policeman in 1879 and had served in the offices of sergeant, inspector and captain. It is universally believed that the department loses a very valuable man in his retirement. He was especially familiar with court practice, his experience giving him a better knowledge than is possessed by some members of the bar.

Captain Northup has been a member of the force since 1886, when he was appointed a special policeman by Mayor Powell. He was created sergeant on February 1, 1901. He is an efficient, capable officer and his promotion to the captaincy gives general satisfaction.

Wedding Bells.

Gillespie-Sherman.

The marriage of Miss Irene Muriel Augusta Sherman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Watts Sherman, and Mr. Lawrence Lewis Gillespie, son of General and Mrs. George L. Gillespie, took place at the residence of the bride's parents on Shepard avenue Thursday afternoon and was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church, in the handsome drawing room, which was beautifully decorated with flowers and plants. The bride party stood in an alcove decorated with white vines, asparagus fern and American beauty roses.

The bride party consisted of the ushers, Messrs. James Laurens Van Allen, J. Stewart Barney, W. Forbes Morgan, Jr., Harry T. Peters, William Rhineland Stewart, Jr., and John W. Prentiss; the maid of honor, Miss Mildred Sherman, sister of the bride; the six bridesmaids, Misses Eddie Jones, Mary Harriman, Dorothy King, Ruth King, Margaret Stewart, and Helen Kives; then came the bride resting on the arm of her father, who gave her away. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Robert McKim Gillespie, as best man.

The bridal gown was of rare beauty. It was of ivory satin, cut princess style, with a square court train four yards long. The entire gown was covered with Alencon lace. A large showy bouquet of orange blossoms was worn at the corsage and a spray of the flowers fell to the front of the skirt. The bride's veil was also of Alencon lace of the rarest and most expensive design. This was caught up with orange blossoms and was the same veil which was worn by the mother of the bride on her wedding day.

After the ceremony a reception was held in a temporary drawing room erected on the lawn to adjoin the main drawing room. Here the young couple received the congratulations of their many friends. Later a luncheon was served, at which the bride cake was in the form of an alship, the groom being an officer of the Aero Club.

Mr. Frederick Gebhard, brother of Mrs. Frederick Nelson and uncle of Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, died at his residence in Islip, L. I., on Thursday after a short illness. He was formerly one of the active leaders in the Newport summer colony, and had helped to build up Newport as a place of residence during the summer.

Dr. William Wright Barker, son of Dr. and Mrs. Christopher F. Barker of this city, will be married to Miss Gertrude Russell Sherman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James T. Sherman of Dorchester, Mass., on September 17th, the wedding to take place in Dorchester.

Gems from the West.

The following extract from a private letter from a Newport boy now resident in the West is interesting. It was written from Kansas City, Mo.:

"I presume that at this writing things are politically dull back home, but if you want a little excitement you should be out in this neck of the woods, on the borders of Kansas where the insurgents are making things pretty lively. They held a convention at Topeka yesterday and their platform contained more sense than the strongest Populist would have ever thought of injecting into a platform. I happened to know Murluck personally, and like many others that I am acquainted with, he is most fortunate in being a son of his father. But now, as you know, is very much in the line light in this country and it certainly makes my blood boil to hear him go after Aldrich. History, to my mind, was never honest in any of his contentions, but he seems to have struck a popular chord out here. The State of Missouri will undoubtedly have a Democratic legislature this year, thus insuring a Democratic United States Senator and the race is between Dave Francis and Jim Reed. At this writing it looks as though Reed would win out."

Parry Victory Centennial.

The Rhode Island Commissioners to the Perry Victory Centennial Celebration left on Wednesday for Put-in-Bay, Ohio, where they will have a conference with the commissioners from other States to-day, the ninety-seventh anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie. The States that will be represented by commissioners, in addition to Rhode Island, will be Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Kentucky. Of these States, Michigan and Wisconsin were practically opened up to settlement as a result of the fighting around Lake Erie; Kentucky furnished a large number of troops under General Harrison, and New York and Pennsylvania furnished many men to help build and man the fleet. At this conference plans will be laid for a gigantic celebration of the centennial of the battle three years hence.

The Rhode Island commission that started for Ohio on Wednesday consists of Senator John P. Sanborn of Newport, chairman; Senators Louis W. Arnold of Westerly and Sumner Mowry of South Kingstown, and Representatives William C. Bliss of East Providence, and Harry Cutler of Providence.

Mrs. Marie Louise Cranston, widow of the late William H. Cranston, died at the residence of Mrs. Muriel B. Godbold on Kay Street on Wednesday after a long illness. She was a daughter of the late Joseph and Phoebe Bateman, who maintained the Kay Street House for many years, and after their death she continued the management of that property for a long time. She was in her seventy-ninth year.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Perry Bradley of Salem celebrated their sixth wedding anniversary at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Bradley in this city on Tuesday. Mr. Bradley has recently returned from Vancouver, British Columbia, to assume charge of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium in Salem.

MIDDLETOWN.

As a partial benefit for the Middletown Free Library an entertainment was given last Saturday evening at Holy Cross Guild House by Miss Lottie L. Titelson recently from Hawaii. Miss Titelson travels extensively, giving lectures upon her journey in the costumes of the countries visited. Her address upon Hawaii proved very instructive and entertaining. It was given in the dress worn by the high caste women of that country, with the native floral decorations upon the head and about the shoulders. Following the lecture two humorous numbers were given as an impromptu: "Money Music" and "Kentucky Philosophy." Between the numbers Mrs. Alvin Shumons rendered numerous piano selections. The audience, although not very large, was attentive and appreciative. Miss Titelson proved a pleasing speaker, of good voice, and fine bearing.

Rev. Emory H. Porter of Emmanuel Church, Newport, was the morning preacher Sunday at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, assisting Rev. John B. Dismas in the absence of the rector, Rev. Laika Griswold, who is at the White Mountains.

Miss Edith M. Peckham, 5th grade teacher in the Morristown, New Jersey, grammar, and Miss Jessie Farum, High School teacher at Tuckerton, N. J., left Sunday evening for New York enroute for their respective schools. These are the only two out-of-town teachers who leave so early in the month.

A large band of gypsies passed through the eastern portion of the town on Tuesday moving on to Portsmouth the next day. They proved quite an annoyance to the residents.

The Middletown Committee for the Relief and Prevention of Tuberculosis, will be represented Saturday at the annual meeting to be held in Newport of the Newport Association. The Middletown president of the committee, Rev. C. E. Delamater, is at the White Mountains upon his vacation.

GOOSE



GIRL

CHAPTER VI.
GRETCHEN'S DAY.

GRETCHEN was always up when the morning was rosy, when the trees were still dark and motionless and the beads of dew white and frostlike, for what is better than to meet the day as it comes over the mountains and silence breaks here and there in the houses and streets, in the fields and the vineyards? Let old age, which has played its part and taken to the wings of the stage—let old age loiter in the morning, but not green years. Gretchen awoke as the birds awoke, with snatches and little trills of song. To her nearest neighbors there was about her that which reminded them of the regularity of a good clock; when they heard her voice they knew it was time to get up. She was always busy in the morning. The tinkle of the bell outside brought her to the door, and her two goats came pattering in to be relieved of their creamy burden. Gretchen was fond of them. They needed no care at all. The moment she had milked them they went tinkling off to the steep pastures.

Even in midsummer the dawn was chill in Dreilberg. Gretchen blew on her fingers. The fire began its cheerful crackle, the kettle boiled briskly, and the fragrant breakfast was under way.

There was daily one cup of coffee, but neither Gretchen, nor her grandmother, claimed this luxury; it was for the sick woman on the third floor.

What the character of the woman's illness was Gretchen didn't know, but there could be no doubt that she was ill, desperately, had the goose girl but known it. Her face was thin and the bones were visible under the drumlike skin; her hands were merely claws. She mystified the girl, for she never complained, never asked questions, talked but little, and always smiled kindly when the pillow was freshened.

"Good morning, frau," said Gretchen. "Good morning, Gretchen."

"I have brought you a brick this morning, for it will be cold till the sun is high."

"Thank you."

Gretchen pulled the deal table to the side of the cot, poured out the coffee and buttered the bread.

"I ought not to drink coffee, but it is the only thing that warms me. You have been very patient with me."

"I am glad to help you."

"And that is why I love you. Now, I have some instructions to give you this morning. Presently I shall be leaving, and there will be something besides crows."

"You are thinking of leaving?"

"Yes. When I go I shall not come back. Under my pillow there is an envelope. You will find it and keep it."

Gretchen, young and healthy, touched not this melancholy undercurrent.

"You will promise to take it?"

"Yes, frau."

"Thanks, little gosling. I have an errand for you this morning. It will take you to the palace."

"To the palace?" echoed Gretchen.

"What shall I do?"

"You will seek her highness and give her this note."

"The princess? Will they not laugh and turn me out?"

"If they try that, demand to see his excellency Count von Herbeck and say that you came from No. 40 Krumerweg."

"And if I cannot get in?"

"You will have no trouble. Be sure, though, to give the note to no one but her highness."

Gretchen decked her beautiful head with a little white cap, which she wore only on Sundays and at the opera, and braided and ribboned her hair. Who was this old woman who thought nothing of writing a letter to her serene highness? And who were her nocturnal visitors? She pondered.

Being of a discerning mind, she idled about the Platz till after 9, for it had been told to her that the great sleep rather late in the morning. What should she say to her serene highness? What kind of courtesy should she make? At least she would wear no humble, servile air, for Gretchen was a bit of a Socialist. Did not Herr Goldberg, whom the police detested—did he not say that all men were equal? And surely this sweeping statement included women. With a confidence born of right and innocence she proceeded toward the east or side gates of the palace. The sentry smiled at her.

"I have a letter for her serene highness," she said.

"Leave it."

"I am under orders to give it to her highness herself."

"You cannot enter the gardens without a permit."

Gretchen remembered. "Will you send some one to his excellency the chancellor and tell him I have come from No. 40 Krumerweg?"

"Krumerweg? The very name ought to close any gate. But, girl, are you speaking truthfully?"

Gretchen exhibited the note. He scratched his chin, perplexed.

"Run along. If they ask me I'll say that I didn't see you." The sentry resumed his beat.

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Copyright, 1909, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

Something in her glance cooled even the warm blooded Hermann.

"But you live in Dreilberg and ought to know."

"You could have told me without bruising my arm," defiantly.

"Hermann!"

Gretchen and the head gardener whirled. Through a hedge which divided the formal gardens from the tennis and archery grounds came a young woman in riding habit.

"What is the trouble, Hermann?" she inquired.

"Your highness, this young woman here had the impudence to walk into the gardens."

"Has she stolen any flowers?"

"Why, no, your highness, but it is not customary."

"We, you and I, Hermann," said her highness, with a smile that won Gretchen on the spot, "will overlook this first offense. Perhaps this young lady had some errand and lost her way."

"Yes, your highness," replied Gretchen eagerly.

"Ah! You may go, Hermann."

Hermann bowed, gathered up his pruning knives and shears, which he had let fall, and stalked down the path.

"Whom were you seeking?" her highness asked, rather startled by the undeniable beauty of this peasant.

"I was seeking your sereno highness. I live at No. 40 the Krumerweg."

"Krumerweg?" Her highness reached for the note and read it, and as she read tears gathered in her eyes. "Follow me," she said. She led Gretchen to a marble bench and sat down.

"What is your name?"

"Gretchen, highness."

"Well, Gretchen, sit down."

"In your presence, highness?"

"Don't bother about my presence on a morning like this. Sit down."

This was a command, and Gretchen obeyed with alacrity. The two sat mutely. They were strangely alike. Their eyes nearly matched, their hair, even the shape of their faces. They were similarly molded, too, only one was slender and graceful after the manner of fashion, while the other was slender and graceful directly from the hands of nature. The marked difference lay, of course, in their hands. The princess had never toiled with her fingers except on the piano. Gretchen had plucked geese and dug vegetables with hers. They were rough, but told had not robbed them of their natural grace.

"How was she?" her highness asked.

"About the same, highness."

"Have you wondered why she should write to me?"

"Highness, it was natural that I should," was Gretchen's frank admission.

"She took me in when nobody knew who I was, clothed and fed me and taught me music so that some day I should not be helpless when the battle of life began. Ah, impulsively, 'had I my way she would be housed in the palace, not in the lonely Krumerweg. But my father does not know that she is in Dreilberg, and we dare not tell him, for he still believes that she had something to do with my abduction.' Then she stopped. She was strangely making this peasant her confidant. What a whim!"

Gretchen did not move. She saw that her highness was dreaming, and she herself had dreams.

"Do you like music?"

"Highness, I am always singing."

"La, la, la!" sang the princess capriciously.

"La, la, la!" sang Gretchen, smiling. Her voice was not purer or sweeter; it was merely stronger, having been accustomed to the open air.

"Brava!" cried the princess. "Who taught you to sing?"

"Nobody, highness."

"What do you do?"

"I am a goose girl. In the fall and winter I work at odd times in the Black Eagle."

"Gretchen, I do not think I shall marry the king of Jugendheilt."

Gretchen grew red with pride.

"You love some one else, highness?"

"Her highness did not blush.

"You must not ask questions like that, Gretchen."

This was not understandable to Gretchen, but a look at the princess was pensive her eye. Her highness, observing her interest, slipped the trinket from her neck and laid it in Gretchen's hand.

"Open it," she said. "It is a picture of my mother, whom I do not recollect having ever seen. I will open it for you."

Gretchen sighed deeply. To have had a mother so fair and pretty! She hadn't an idea how her own mother had looked. Indeed, being sensible and not given much to conjuring, she had rarely bothered her head about it. Still, as she gazed at this portrait the sense of her isolation and loneliness drew down upon her, and she in her turn sought the flowers and saw them not. After awhile she closed the locket and returned it.

"So you love music?" picking up the safer thread.

"Ah, yes, highness."

"I will give you an opera ticket for the season. How can I reward you for bringing this message? Don't have any false pride. Ask for something."

"Well, then, highness, give me an order on the grand duke's head vintner for a place."

"For the man who is to become your husband?"

"Yes, highness."

"You shall have it tomorrow. Now, come with me. I am going to take you to Herr Ernst. He is the director of the opera. He rehearses in the court theater this morning."

Gretchen followed the princess. As her highness entered the Bijou theater the herr director stopped the music. In the little gallery which served as the royal box sat several ladies and gentlemen of the court, the grand duke being among them.

"I have brought you a prima donna, Herr Direktor," pointing to Gretchen. Herr Direktor showed his teeth.

"What shall she sing in, your highness? We are rehearsing 'The Bohemian Girl,'" he jested.

The chorus and singers on the little stage exchanged smiles.

"I want your first violin," said her highness.

"Auton!"

A youth stood up in the orchestral pit.

"Now, your highness," said the herr director.

"Try her voice."

And the herr director saw that she was not smiling. He bade the violinist to draw his bow over a single note.

"Imitate it, Gretchen," commanded her highness, "and don't be afraid."

Gretchen lifted her voice. It was sweeter and mellower than the violin.

"Again!" the herr director cried.

Without apparent effort Gretchen passed from one note to another, now high, now low, or strong or soft; a trill, a run. The violinist of his own accord began the jewel song from "Faust." Gretchen did not know the words, but she carried the melody without mishap. And then "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls." This song she knew word for word, and, ah, she sang it with strange and haunting tenderness. One by one the musicians dropped their instruments to their knees. All realized that a great voice was being tried before them. The herr director struck his music stand sharply.

"Your highness has played a fine jest this day. Where does madame, your guest sing—in Berlin or Vienna?"

"In neither," answered her highness. "She lives in Dreilberg, and till this morning I never saw her before."

The herr director stared blankly from her highness to Gretchen and back to her highness again. Then he grasped it. Here was one of those moments when the gods make gifts to mortals.

"You have a great voice, fraulein. I shall teach you. I shall make you a great singer."

But Gretchen never became a prima donna. There was something different on the knees of the gods.

CHAPTER VII.
AFFAIRS OF STATE.

THE grand duke stamped back and forth with a rumble as of distant thunder. They would play with him, eh? Well, they had loosed the lion this time. He had sent his valet to summon her highness and Herbeck.

"And tell them to put everything else aside."

He knelt the note in his hand powerfully. It was anonymous, but it spoke clearly, like truth. The sender remained undiscoverable.

Had he not opposed it for months? And now, having surrendered against his better judgment, this gratuitous affront was offered him. It was damnable. He smote the offending note. Well! Nothing less. He was prepared for it. Twenty thousand troops were now in the valley, and there were 20,000 reserves.

Herbeck came calmly in.

"Why the devil couldn't you have left well enough alone? Read this!" The duke flung the note down on his desk.

Herbeck picked it up and worked out the creases.

"Well!" The query tingled with rage.

The answer on the chancellor's lips was not uttered. Illdegarde came in. He embraced her and kissed her brow.

"Read," said the duke to her. She slipped from her father's arms and looked with pity at the chancellor

"What do you think of this, Illdegarde?"

"Why, father, I think it is the very best thing in the world," dryly.

"An insult like this?" The duke grew rigid. "You accept it calmly in this fashion?"

"Shall I weep and tear my hair over a boy I have never seen? No, thank you. I was about to make known to you this very evening that I had reconsidered the offer. I shall never marry his majesty."

Herbeck explained the situation.

"Your highness, the regent is really not to blame, for his majesty had given him free rein in the matter, and his royal highness, working as I have been for the best interests of the two countries, never dreamed that the king would rebel. The king has been generous enough to leave the publicity in our hands—that is to say, he agrees to accept the humiliation of being rejected by her serene highness."

"That is very generous of him!" said the duke sarcastically. "Send for Ducwitz."

"Ducwitz, your highness?" cried the chancellor, chilled.

"Immediately!"

"Your highness, if you call Ducwitz I shall surrender my portfolio." The chancellor was firm.

"Do so. There are others to take up your work."

Illdegarde flew to the duke's side and snatched at his sleeve.

"Father, you are mad!"

"At least I am master in Ehrenstein. Herbeck, you will have the kindness to summon General Ducwitz."

"Your highness," replied Herbeck, "I have worked long and faithfully in your service. I can not recollect that I ever asked one personal favor. But I do so now. Do not send for Ducwitz tonight. See him in the morning. This is no time for haste. You will throw the army into Jugendheilt, and there will follow a bloody war."

"I will have my revenge!" stubbornly.

"Father, listen to me. I am the affronted person. I—I alone—have the right to say what shall be done in the matter. And I say to you if you do these cruel things, dismiss his excellency and bring war and death to Ehrenstein. I will never forgive you—never, never! You are wrong, wrong, and I, your daughter, tell you so frankly. Leave it to me. There will be neither war nor humiliation."

"My dear child," he said, "I have suffered too much at the hands of Jugendheilt. It was my daughter the first time; it is my honor now."

"Will it balance war and devastation?" the girl asked quietly. "Is it not pride rather than honor? The prince regent made a pardonable blunder. Do not you, my father, make an unpardonable one!"

"A portion to the judgment!" said the chancellor, his eye flashing. "Let alone am to blame. It was I who first suggested the alliance."

Notwithstanding that he was generally hasty, the duke was a just man. He offered his hand, with half a smile.

"You are bidding me farewell, your highness," said Herbeck.

"No, count. I would not let you go for half my duchy. Even a duke may be a fool sometimes."

Herbeck laid his cold hand upon the duke's. Then he went over to her highness and kissed her hand gratefully, for it was truly at her feet the wreath of victory lay.

"Highness," he said softly, "you shall marry when you will."

"And where?"

"I would that I could make it so. But there is a penalty for being placed so high. We cannot change this unwritten law."

"Heaven did not write it," she replied.

"No, my daughter," said the duke. "Man is at the bottom of all the knots and twists in this short life, not heaven. But Herbeck is right. You shall marry when you will."

The knock of the valet was again heard.

"Your highness, there is a young woman outside, a peasant, who desires to speak to her serene highness."

"What! She enters the palace without any more trouble than this?"

"By my orders, father," said Illdegarde, who gathered that this privileged visitor must be Gretchen of the Krumerweg. "Admit her."

Gretchen was ushered in. Her throat was a little full as she recognized the three most important persons in the grand duchy.

"The little goose girl!" the duke said half audibly.

"Yes, highness," Gretchen's face was serious, and her eyes were mournful. She carried an envelope in her hand tightly.

"Come to me, Gretchen," said the princess. "What is it?"

"She is dead, highness, and I found this letter under her pillow."

Herbeck took the envelope.

"Dead?" Illdegarde's eyes filled.

"Who is dead?" demanded the duke.

"Emma Schultz, father. Oh, I know you will forgive me for this deception. She has been in Dreilberg for a month dying, and I have often stolen out to see her." She let her tears fall unstrained.

The duke stared at the rug. Presently he said: "Let her be buried in consecrated ground. Wrong or right, that chapter is closed, my child. What is in the letter, Herbeck?"

Herbeck was a strong man. He was always far removed from tears, but there was a mist over the usual clarity of his vision. He ripped down the flap. It was only a simple note to her serene highness begging her to give the enclosed banknotes to one Gretchen, who lived in the Krumerweg. The notes represented a thousand crowns.

"—and them, little goose girl," said the duke. "Your ship has come in. This will be your dowry."

An icy shiver ran up and down Gretchen's spine, a shiver of wonder, delight, terror. A thousand crowns! A fortune!

"And I shall add to it another thousand," said Illdegarde. "Give them to me, father."

In all this fortune amounted to little more than \$100, but to Gretchen, frugal and thrifty, to whom a single crown was a large sum, to her it represented wealth. She was now the richest girl in the lower town. Dreams of kaleidoscope variety flew through her head. Tears sprang into her eyes. She had the power to do no more than weep.

The duke was the first to relieve the awkwardness of the moment.

"Count, has it not occurred to you that we stand in the presence of two very beautiful young women?"

Herbeck scrutinized Gretchen with care. Then he compared her with the princess. The duke was right. And the thing which struck him with most force was that, while each possessed a beauty individual to herself, it was not opposite, but strangely alike.

When the duke was alone he slowly passed on to his secretary and opened a drawer. He laid a small bundle on the desk and untied the string. One by one he ranged the articles—two little yellow shoes, a little cloak trimmed with ermine. There had been a locket, but that was now worn by her highness.

Hermann Brünner lived in the granite lodge just within the eastern gates of the royal gardens. He was a widower and shared the ample lodge with the undergardeners and their families. He was a man of brooding moods, and there was no laughter in his withered heart. He adjusted his heavy spectacles and held the note slantingly toward the candle. A note or a letter was a singular event in Hermann's life. This note, left by the porter of the Grand hotel, moved him with surprise. It requested that he present himself at 8 o'clock at the office of the hotel and ask to be directed to the room of Hans Grumbach, whoever he might be. He decided to go. Certainly this man Grumbach did not urge him without some definite purpose. The concierge at the hotel, who knew Hermann, conducted him to room 10 on the entresole. Hermann knocked. A voice bade him enter.

"You wished to see me?"

"Yes," offering a chair.

"You are Hermann Brünner," began Grumbach, "and you once had a brother named Hans."

Hermann grew rigid in his chair. "I have no brother."

"You did have."

Hermann's head dropped. "My God, yes, I did have a brother, but he was a scoundrel."

"Perhaps he was a scoundrel. He is—dead!" softly.

"God's will be done!" But Hermann's face turned lighter.

"As a boy he loved you."

"And did I not love him?" said Hermann fiercely. "Did I not worship that boy, who was more like a son to me than a brother?"

"I knew your brother. I knew him well. He was not a scoundrel, only weak. He went to America and became successful in business. He fought with the north in the war. He was not a coward. He did his fighting bravely and honorably. He died facing the enemy, and his last words were of you. He begged your forgiveness. He implored that you forget that black moment. He was young, he said, and they offered him a thousand crowns. In a moment of despair he fell."

"Despair! Did he confess?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you to whom he sold his honor?"

"That he never knew. A gypsy from the hills came to him, so he said."

"From Jugendheilt?"

"I say that he knew nothing. He believed that the gypsy wanted her highness to hold for ransom. Hans spoke of a girl called Tekla."

"Tekla? Ah, yes; Hans was in love with that doll face."

"Hans followed the band of gypsies into the mountains. The real horror of his act did not come home to him till then. Ah, the remorse! But it was too late. They dressed the little one in rags. But when I ran away from them I took her little shoes and cloak and locket."

Hermann was on his feet. Grumbach's eyes were as bright and glowing as coals.

Hermann leaned forward.

"Is it you, Hans, and I did not know you?"

"It is I, brother."

"My God!" Hermann sank down weakly.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE EQUALISTS.

THE ceiling spun and the gaslight separated itself into a hundred flames before the gaze of the amazed Hermann. "You said he was dead!" he gasped to Grumbach.

"So I am to the world, to you and to all who knew me," quietly.

"Why have you returned? The duke will have you."

"Perhaps I am a fool, perhaps I am willing to pay the penalty of my crime. At least that was uppermost. I have learned that her highness has been found, and the rope is not made that will fit my neck. Will you denounce me, brother?"

"If?"

"Why not? Five thousand crowns still hang over me."

"Blood money for me? No, Hans!"

"Besides, I have made a will. At my death you will be rich."

"Rich?"

"Yes, Hermann. I am worth 200,000 crowns."

Hermann breathed with effort.

"But riches are not everything."

"Sometimes they are little enough," Hans agreed.

"Oh, why did you do it?"

"Have I not told you, Hermann? There is nothing more to be added."

Feke's Bitters.
The Great Spring Medicine
The Best Spring Tonic and Blood Purifier.

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
802 THAMES STREET.
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

Established by Franklin in 1758.
The Mercury.
Newport, R. I.
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.
Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1040

Saturday, September 10, 1910.

The summer is over the fall months have come and in many parts of the country politics has the floor.

Senator Burrows was defeated for re-nomination for U. S. Senator in Michigan on Tuesday, as a result of the primary caucus act. He has been thirty-three years in Congress.

Nicaragua has a dozen ex-presidents. The problem of what to do with them is as vexatious there as in other republics.

We have only one; What should we do if we had a dozen like him?

Vermont went Republican on Tuesday by some 18,000 majority, though the vote would have been much bigger if the day had not been stormy. Still 18,000 would seem to be a reasonably safe majority for a small State.

The nomination of that blatant demagogue, La Follette, for re-election as U. S. Senator from Wisconsin, is enough to condemn the entire system of primary nominations. Such a man as that can do the country more harm than a dozen men can repair.

There is something familiar about the talk of a new hotel for Newport, this being a regular feature of the early fall. And yet about the present project there is a ring of more sincerity than has characterized some of the schemes of the past. At any rate it sounds better than the Brenton's Point Hotel which was discussed last year. The Municipality would rejoice to see it carried through, for no one thing would bring greater prosperity to Newport than a good hotel.

Some funny things have happened as the result of the primary nominations in New Hampshire. For Governor the "progressives" won out by a large majority. For members of Congress the "regulars" hold the fort and the two old standbys, Ruliffson and Currier were renominated by large majorities. United States Senator Gallinger and ex-United States Senator William E. Chandler, the first a "regular," the latter a "progressive," were both defeated as delegates to the State Convention.

Ninety-seven years ago to-day a Newport boy, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, fought that great naval battle on Lake Erie and at its conclusion sent to his superior that heroic message which runs the blood of the American citizen of today: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." In some respects this was the most notable of naval engagements. Commodore Perry's men were raw youths, trained to the sea perhaps but untrained in the theory or practice of war. Many of them came from the wharves and water front of Newport and other parts of Rhode Island, some from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky. They were confronted with the serious fact that they had no ships with which to engage the enemy. Undaunted by this obstacle, inflamed by their love of country and their hatred of British domination from which many of them had suffered, led by a man of indomitable will and unflinching courage, these raw youths from the younger nation felt the green timber around them, built their ships, manned them themselves and, followed the intrepid Perry to a victory that was a turning point in the second struggle with Great Britain. No task was too fatiguing for them, no obstacle was insurmountable. They typified in their conduct and bearing the lofty aspirations of the growing nation for which they were strengthening the foundations. Honor should be done to their memory as long as the nation shall endure.

Don't Like the Law.

The Democratic party throughout the country has been shouting itself hoarse in favor of the "direct primary" law, whereby they could get "close to the people." The Democratic Governor and legislature of Nebraska succeeded in making such a law for that State last year, and by it and under its beautiful working Governor Shallenberger, its author, is relegated to private life. He no longer likes the law. He charges that, while Mayor Dahlman of Omaha received the Democratic nomination at the recent primaries, he is not the choice of the Democrats but of the Republicans.

Under the Nebraska law no voter at a primary is asked concerning his party affiliation. Upon entering a voting booth he gets a big ballot containing the names of all the candidates of all the parties. From these he can choose. As a result party lines are so broken that no nominee can really be said to be the choice of his own party.

At the last primaries 15,000 Republicans stepped out of their party ranks and participated in the Democratic politics. These centred their votes upon Dahlman, the "liberal" candidate for the Democratic nomination, with the result that Dahlman was nominated over Shallenberger, although the latter polled one of the largest Democratic votes ever cast at a primary.

Under the Nebraska law any man

can file for any office, regardless of his past party affiliation. Nor is any candidate confined to one party. At the August primaries one enterprising candidate for Congress filed as a Democrat, Republican, Populist, Prohibitionist and Socialist. He failed of nomination by any party.

As a matter of fact the grade of candidates selected under the new law is far below that of the men chosen under the convention system. Instead of its being more difficult for a thing to control nominations, the new law has made this control more certain than under the convention system.

For instance, where 10 men have filed for one office it is comparatively easy for the thing by throwing its strength in a single candidate to nominate him, while the followers of the nine other candidates are fighting among themselves.

A Good Scheme.

New York is to try a new experiment this year. The tax payer is to be taken into the confidence of the tax assessors, and he will be told to a certain extent what is to be done with some of his money, not all of it. The month of October will be given over to a budget exhibit. For this purpose an entire large floor on Broadway has been engaged and a committee has been appointed by the Board of Estimate to give explanatory talks and lectures and answer questions on points that are not understood. The tax-payers will be given the privilege of talking back. The purpose of this get-together arrangement is to acquaint those who pay the bills with the needs and expectations of the various departments for the coming year, and it is believed that there will be less criticism and protest if the application of the city's money is more widely understood. It will be his own fault should any tax-payer remain in ignorance of the city's program. It will be about as near a town meeting as it is possible to have in so large a community as New York, though the privilege of voting on the various propositions will not be granted.

A Bad Mistake.

The Supreme Court has survived many attacks, says the Boston Transcript, and will survive many more. It is imbedded so strongly in our Constitution that only a constitutional revolution can take it out. The fathers built wisely and well when they rendered the court inviolable by gusts of agitation. It was not the intention of the framers of the Constitution that this should be a democracy of passion and prejudice but a democracy of principle. To carry out their purpose they devised no more effective agency than the Supreme Court. If reformers, State or national, attack the wrong end of a problem and the court finds their action unconstitutional it is wiser for them to heed the warnings of that tribunal and the next time begin their proceedings in the way it indicates is right.

Adventurous Women.

The next day after the death by a fall of Mr. Rolfe, the English aviator, a number of women made their appearance at Bourne mouth eager for a ride in an aeroplane. They were allowed to go and seemed greatly to enjoy their experience, but the proceeding aroused a good deal of wondering comment and criticism over the fact that they were ready to engage in such an adventure. Some critics went so far as to call them "inordinately."

It is a truth comprehended by few that many women are filled with a spirit of adventure not less strong than that which animates men who go wandering over the world in search of new sensations. The fact is forgotten that men who search for the pole or go lion hunting in the jungles, or fly the sky or become soldiers of fortune are the sons of their mothers as well as their fathers, and, as some are more likely to inherit their governing traits from their mothers, it is more than likely that the adventurous spirit came from the maternal side.

For the most part women curb their tendencies to wander or to seek strange experiences. Conventional rules, the ties of family, lack of freedom and of money restrain them from indulging their fancies; yet more and more, as they make their own independent way in the world, do they follow their inclinations. It is a common thing for an adventurous young stenographer to "see the world" by going from city to city, working at her calling in each place until she has satisfied her curiosity concerning it. Teachers with a like interest in things new and strange even make their way around the world after the same fashion. Hawaii, the Philippines, Australia, mission schools in Oriental countries, all offer a roadway over which they travel and gratify their inborn tastes.

There have been numerous women explorers, these usually going in company with their husbands, but because they shared the desire to find the unknown. Women went to Alaska to seek their fortunes when that country was a wilderness and if their stories are to be believed, the experience repaid them even when the fortunes did not materialize. Women are to be found at the farthest outposts of civilization and in the wilderness wherever men penetrate. They are where battles are fought and where other dangers threaten. The common explanation is that love for the men of their families and their spirit of self-sacrifice and anxiety to care for the suffering take them to these places; but the love of adventure is, in most cases, doubtless, as strong an influence as any. They yearn to be in the midst of the world's activities and to see strange sights. Such a trait does not coincide with the usual understanding of the word "womanly," but the common definition of that word is, after all, rather an artificial thing built on erroneous conceptions and does not cover half the truth as to feminine nature.

Mrs. Gable—Nearly everything I say to you goes in one ear and out the other.

Gable—Lucky thing, too. Do you want my head to burst?

Washington County Fair.

The Kingston Fair grounds which for a third of a century have been the scene of the South County Fair, will on September 13, again bloom into activity. Many changes—industrial, social, scientific, have taken place since the first county fair was held at Kingston over thirty years ago, and naturally, the extent and character of the fair itself has changed from year to year, to keep pace with these developments. Still, many of the original County Fair features remain—the mid-way freaks, comic serenade, peanut and lemonade stands, free shows, band concert, horse races, live stock, vegetable, and fancy work exhibits—all bringing to mind the boyish excitement, which they still inspire in the youthful mind. To these, however, have been added other exhibitions, and features, which, without destroying the original County Fair character, have tended to give this annual carnival, a serious educational value and dignity. The program prepared by the board of directors for this year contains so many valuable, entertaining, and interesting announcements that it is hardly possible to speak of any one of them as of prime importance. The daily vaudeville performance, which has been in past years one of the most popular features of the Kingston Fair will again be conducted by Mrs. Adelaide Carlisle, who has won an enviable reputation in her chosen profession. These performances will take place as usual morning and afternoon on the large platform in front of the Grandstand.

Lovers of horse flesh will come from far and near to witness the races, which are planned for the four fair days. The track is in excellent condition, and the large number of well known racers which have entered, assure sportsmen of the keenest pleasures in store for him. Last year automobile enthusiasts found some difficulty in finding space to leave their automobiles, inside the fair grounds. That they might suffer no such inconvenience this year, the Kingston Fair management has largely increased the space allotted for automobiles. The exhibition in every department promise to be larger, and more successful than ever. The committee in charge are certainly having their hands full arranging the space for the display of the various exhibits. There are more acres of actual amusement already booked for the Kingston Fair than are usually found at two ordinary fairs. The fair days fall on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week.

MIDDLETOWN.

The members of Holy Cross Guild resumed their monthly supper on Wednesday evening at the Guild House serving a menu of vegetable salads, brown bread and beans, rolls, cake, and coffee, to about 75. The rooms were attractively arranged with asterias. Mrs. Henry I. Chase acted as chairman of the supper committee. On Wednesday evening of next week the entertainment committee, Miss Phoebe A. Coggeshall and Mrs. Wm. M. Hughes, will give a "Cubweb Social" followed by dancing and refreshments. There will be a slight entrance fee.

A party of some 250 attended the annual outing of the Citizens' Association held at Island Park on Thursday. This day was an ideal one for an outing and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The excellent shore dinner served by Manager Negus. There was a picnic in the afternoon in the pavilion and a portion of the party remained for the evening's illumination. The affair was in the hands of the entertainment committee, Messrs. Chester B. Brown, Frank T. Peckham, and Dennis J. Murphy.

After a month's vacation Aquidneck Grange resumed its regular sessions, meeting at the town hall on Thursday evening. Worthy Master N. Horace Peckham gave a short account of the annual field day held in August at Essex Grove near East Greenwich where some 400 grangers were entertained by Quiddessett Grange No. 41. There was a speaking by many prominent grangers and an excellent clam-bake was served.

The lecturer's hour at Aquidneck Grange was continued by Mr. Charles H. Ward who gave an entertaining account of his trip to Virginia in 1907 the Jamestown Exposition and other points of historical interest. Souvenirs were shown and also a large line of post cards. Reminiscences of the century were also given by Past Commander W. O. Mjue to whom the places mentioned had been familiar during the days of the Civil War.

Light refreshments were served at the close of the evening. The next meeting will be in the hands of the entertainment, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Chapin Hubbard.

With the exception of Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham, who has been teaching for several years at the Wyatt School, the Middletown teaching force is entirely new this year. Peckham School, Miss Flora L. Pinney, of Portsmouth, R. I.; Paradise School, Miss Carrie W. Sturtevant, of South Dartmouth, Mass. (a relative of a former teacher of the Oliphant School); Withers School, Miss Flora C. Bourdette, of Providence; Oliphant School, Miss Helen M. Sibley, of Centre Harbor, N. H.; Prospect, Miss Amy E. Sherman, of Portsmouth, R. I., as assistant. Miss Sibley, who is recovering from a recent illness, was unable to assume charge at the opening of the schools Tuesday but is expected soon. The five upper grades will remain out until the arrives.

The three lower grades, some 25 of the 37 children registered here, are in charge of Miss Sherman and began school Tuesday in the upper class-room. With the exception of Miss Sherman, who has taught one year at Westport, the teachers have all had extended experience and come well recommended.

The pulpit at the Methodist Episcopal Church was supplied on Sunday afternoon by Rev. Professor W. L. Slinger, one of the faculty of the East Greenwich Academy. Rev. Samuel Irwin, the new president, was expected but was detained through illness. The offering was donated to the Academy fund in addition to the \$15 appropriation recently met by this church. The evening services were conducted under the jurisdiction of the Epworth League and were in charge of Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell, who, as president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, gave as her subject "Destructive Intemperance." Mrs. Grinnell was assisted by various members of the Union in selections and readings, and Mrs. Ida M. Brown sang as solo "The Inebriate's Lament," and "Victory."

There was a good attendance. Temperance leaflets were distributed at the close of the exercises.

The Sunday School at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel will resume its sessions on Sunday next.

He Shouldn't Do It.

(Hartford Courant.)
Mr. Roosevelt never appears to less advantage than when he is lecturing and reciting the counts of law. It's an unfortunate habit which he contracted years ago, when he was President. This Denver release goes to show that all the efforts of judicious friends to break him of it have been unsuccessful. When he was President, he singled out the judge whose decisions pleased him for public commendation, and the judge whose decisions didn't suit him for public rebuke. Now we have Mr. Roosevelt, private citizen, telling the Supreme Court of the United States that its decisions are "mean-spirited," that they are "in flagrant and direct contradiction to the spirit and needs of the times," and that he's quite sure they will ultimately be reversed.

We are reminded of Charles Sumner's historic (and absurd) contention on the floor of the Senate that the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence are "co-ordinate documents," and that the one must always be construed by the other.

It was impossible, ill-considered talk the Colorado legislators listened to on Monday, and very unbecoming talk. We're not concerned in the least about the Supreme Court. It will be here, the custodian of the Constitution, performing calmly and effectively its appointed duties, when all of us are now living. Theodore Roosevelt included—shall have been gathered in our fathers. But every intelligent American who is grateful to the ex-President for his real and great services to the country in other years, and who desires still to think of him as a national asset, must feel sorry when the ex-President "goes wrong" as he did Monday at Denver. For it is infinitely more important that this government of ours shall continue through the ages to be a government of law—that the people of the United States shall continue to revere and trust their Supreme Court and accept its judgments—than that any particular policy, which "the spirit and needs of the times" seem to Mr. Roosevelt to demand, shall be carried out haphazard and in the precise way and shape he desires.

The Silk Hat Passes.

The cocked hat passed away with the stage coach and it now appears that the silk hat, somehow associated in our mind with low-necked carriages and suspicious occasions, is soon to be no more than a memory. The automobile, at whose door the blame for almost everything has been laid, is charged up with the effacement of this badge of dignity.

The glossy topper which cut such a figure in the open lands as that section of the parade containing "prominent citizens in carriages" went by, is distinctly dropped in a buzz-buggy.

One cannot see it thus put away in lavender, however, without voicing a protest. It has long been the chief reliance of the preacher and the family doctor. It has been associated thus out of mind with Sunday and church-going—and perhaps the falling off in church attendance may be partly responsible for its decision.

While it may occasionally have been the target for the snowballs of irreligious youth, and may on All Fool's day have lured the unwary foot into conflict with a brickbat, it was in the main to be taken seriously.

It conferred respectability upon the wearer as the monk's robe confers dignity upon the priest. Under a silk hat the peasant politician or the corner grocer became one of that elite "whom we have with us tonight." With its very possession went the title "Hon." and a card of membership into "Who's Who." Just as the owner of a dress suit is described in the newspapers as a "prominent society man," so the wearer of the silk hat might be referred to by reporters as "our foremost citizen."

It was a part of the make-up of the bank president, philanthropist, the Chinatown speaker, and the congressman. It put one under obligations to society. It was a guarantee of solvency and sterling worth. If suggested prosperity and marriageable daughters on a spacious lawn engaged at croquet, it became the monarch better than his crown.

But in some parts of the world at least, the silk hat will always be respected and admired. Now that the automobile has made it an impossibility, the cautious chief, in whose wardrobe the resplendent "stovepipe" holds an honored place, will be able to afford one both for "every day" and Sunday.

Making of a Newspaper.

The average reader of the daily newspaper, it is safe to assert, knows very little of the processes by which this wonderful production of the present century is made ready for the eyes of the public day after day and many times daily. The various steps toward the consummation should be generally known. Such a knowledge, indeed, is quite a liberal education in itself and indirectly exerts a powerful influence for good not only upon the reader knows of the trials, the tribulations, the anxieties, the expense, the enterprise, the celerity, the fascinations of the work and it certainly will act unconsciously in the formation of opinions and in the setting of values on news and editorial decisions. All this will be clearly demonstrated at the great Mechanics Exposition to be held the entire month of October in the Mechanics Building on Huntington Avenue, Boston. The exposition will be open every day, excepting Sundays, from 10 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night and during these hours a little daily newspaper will be published under the editorial control of the Christian Science Monitor. The mechanical part of the outfit will be supplied by the American Type Founders Company, Whitlock Printing Press Company, and the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, and every detail from the supplying of "copy" of the news and gossip of the big fair, the setting of the type, the assembly, the make-up of the forms, the printing and the folding will be in full sight of patrons. The paper is promised to be a very creditable and most interesting sheet. It will contain among other things a complete list of the exhibitors, the programmes of the concerts and other entertainments and all sorts of news and chat about the people connected with the exposition. It will be distributed free "hot from the press" to all comers.

Mrs. William Terry died in Fall River on Monday following an operation for appendicitis. She was formerly Miss Edith Louise Ward of this city, grand-daughter of the late William R. Colcord. The remains were brought to this city for interment.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

Copyrighted 1910 by W. T. Foster.
Washington, D. C. Sept. 10.
Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Sept. 9 to 13, warm wave 8 to 12, cool wave 11 to 15. This disturbance will bring the last lingering calm of the hot part of September and will clear the way for cooler and better weather, or more agreeable than this muggy hot blast we passed through since middle of June.

Next disturbance (which is the fourth one) of September will reach Pacific coast about Sept. 13, cross Pacific slope by close of 14, great central valleys 15 to 17, eastern sections 18. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 13, great central valleys 15, eastern sections 17. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 16, great central valleys 18, eastern sections 20.

This will be the important disturbance of September. It comes at a critical time for very late crops and may largely change the prospective products of corn and wheat. It will not be so important for cotton.

The cool wave following this disturbance will cause frosts in the northern parts of the corn belt and the spring wheat sections. If one-fourth of the corn and spring wheat crops are a month late, as claimed, these frosts will be a serious matter and a very considerable part of these crops will turn out like the late northern corn crop of last year.

Rainfall will not be excessive during the week centering on Sept. 10, and temperatures will average much below normal. Storms will be rather mild west of meridian 90 but as the disturbance nears the Atlantic sections all weather features will gain force.

When the damage from these frosts is known it will be possible to estimate the real value of 1910 northern crops. Cotton crop will be benefitted by rains just preceding the passage of this disturbance.

Another disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Sept. 18, cross Pacific slope by close of 19, great central valleys 20 to 22, eastern sections 23. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 21, great central valleys 23, eastern sections 25.

This disturbance will be preceded by very much cooler weather and northern frosts and be followed by another very similar cool wave and northern frosts. The week centering on Sept. 21 will average unusually cool and rains will be general.

Storms will be unusually severe on the continent with a probability of tropical hurricanes along our southern and near our eastern coasts. Probabilities are that a tropical storm will be at its greatest intensities in the Caribbean sea, the Gulf of Mexico, or near our south Atlantic coast not far from September 21; not because of the equatorial but because of the peculiar relations of the moon, Saturn and the sun.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

SEPTEMBER 1910	SUN	MOON	High water	Low water
10 Sat	5 14 10	9 40	12 05	12 05
11 Sun	6 35 10	10 14	12 31	12 31
12 Mon	8 00 11	11 04	1 01	1 01
13 Tues	9 37 12	12 00	1 45	1 45
14 Wed	11 28 1	1 01	2 45	2 45
15 Thurs	1 39 2	2 04	3 57	3 57
16 Fri	3 40 3	3 10	5 21	5 21

New Moon, 8th day, 11h. 50m., evening.
First Quarter, 11th day, 3h. 10m., evening.
Full Moon, 15th day, 3h. 10m., evening.
Last Quarter, 25th day, 3h. 55m., evening.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

131 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.
Mr Taylor's Agency was established in 1887. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.
Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villages and Country places.

Deaths.

August 31st, infant daughter of Henry Y. and Christine G. Leclercq.
In this city, 4th inst., John August Wadett, in his 71st year.
In this city, 5th inst., at his residence, Newton Court, Hingham, Lynch.
In this city, 7th inst., St. Louis, widow of William H. Crumpton, in her 73rd year.
In this city, 7th inst., Thomas Vayro, aged 75 years.
In this city, Sept. 7, John McPhee, infant son of John H. and Sarah McPhee.
In this city, 8th inst., Frederick Oswald, son of Horace C. and Lydia A. Riley, in his 18th year.
In Jamestown, 7th inst., Frank Adolphus, son of Gustavus Adolphus and Cynthia Cook Williamson, aged 62 years.
In Fall River, 5th inst., William J., beloved son of Joseph A. and Sarah J. Daniels (nee Selden) aged 6 months and 21 days.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick headache and relieve all the trouble incident to bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Browsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing:

SICK

HEAD

ACHE

Is the basis of so many lives that here is where you can get great help. Our pills cure while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are perfectly vegetable and do not grip the bowels, but by their gentle action place all organs in a normal state.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THREE KILLED; NINE INJURED

Fire Breaks Out in Engine Room of North Dakota.

SPREADS TO AN OIL TANK

Big Battleship Wrapped in Dense Volumes of Smoke as Explosion Occurs, the Noise of Which is Heard Five Miles Distant—Dead and Injured Transferred to Hospital Ship—Schroeder Orders Investigation

Norfolk, Sept. 9.—Three men were killed and nine injured by the explosion of an oil tank on the battleship North Dakota in Hampton Roads. The explosion was caused by a fire in the engine room, which spread to the oil tank.

It is said that some sparks in the engine room ignited from sparks from the boiler, and despite the efforts of the crew, the fire spread rapidly. The flames reached the oil tank and it exploded with such force that the noise of the explosion was heard at Oceanview, a summer resort five miles from the scene of the accident. The big ship was wrapped in dense volumes of smoke and the hospital ship Solace was rushed to the scene to take off the injured and bring them to the Norfolk naval hospital.

Admiral Schroeder made the following report to the navy department on the battleship accident:

"While the North Dakota was under way, approaching Hampton Roads, the fuel oil caught fire in No. 3 fire room, apparently near the settling tank. The oil fuel was being used for tests at the time and only on boilers No. 1.

"There are three dead: J. W. Schmidt, Joseph Strell and R. Gilmore, all coal passers. Next of kin have been notified.

"The injured are Orin C. Murfin, assistant inspector of machinery; J. H. McDonough, chief machinist's mate; E. W. Andrews, machinist's mate, first class; C. C. Roberts, fireman, first class; S. J. Wittwer, J. A. Brady, Fred P. Klinger, John G. Morrison, firemen, second class, and L. F. Plotek. All injured will recover.

"The dead and injured have been transferred to the hospital ship Solace. No estimate is possible yet regarding injury to boilers. Have ordered a board of investigation."

While not prepared to say that a similar accident might happen to an exclusively coal fired vessel, it is explained that the accident is a unique one inasmuch as it is the first of its kind and therefore no positive statements or opinions on it can be made until the fire has been thoroughly investigated and a careful report made.

The keel of the North Dakota, which is one of the American navy's Dreadnoughts, was laid Dec. 16, 1907, at the Fore River Ship and Engine company, Quincy, the same day that the Atlantic fleet began its cruise around the world. She was launched in November, 1908.

The North Dakota cost the government \$7,000,000. The battleship Delaware is a sister vessel. Each vessel carries crew and officers numbering 950.

OFFICERS ARE CRITICISED

Depositors in York County Bank Want to Know What Will Be Done

Baldedford, Me., Sept. 7.—Repeated criticism of the action taken by the officials of the York County Savings bank since its closing, following a discovery of a shortage in the accounts, and their failure to place the former treasurer, Richmond H. Ingersoll, under police guard, were made at a meeting of the depositors held here last night.

The meeting was attended by nearly 200 depositors, of whom many were women, and after discussing the case at some length, a committee of five were appointed to confer with the bank officials in regard to the future of the bank.

THIRTY SKELETONS FOUND

Skulls of Prehistoric Human Bones Are Adorned With Horns
Los Angeles, Sept. 8.—Anthropologists of coast universities are endeavoring to discover to what age the prehistoric human bones that have recently been unearthed in Topanga canyon should be ascribed.

Thirty complete skeletons have been unearthed. The foreheads are low and retreating, the jawbones prominent and the cheek bones high. Just above and in front of the ears each had a hornlike development three inches long.

HE LOVED HIS PIPE

It May Have Shortened Worcester Man's Life at Age of 105

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 9.—Patrick O'Hearn, aged 105 years 5 months 23 days, the oldest man in Worcester county, and possibly the oldest in Massachusetts, died at the Franciscan home for the aged, in this city. Death was due to bronchitis.

Up to a year ago O'Hearn had been an inveterate smoker and he boasted always that he drank intoxicating liquors "when he felt like it."

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

SHADOW LEGENDS

Zulus Believe the Bodily Shade Is the Future Spirit.

TAKING AWAY ONE'S SHADOW.

Why Some Races Are Forbidden to Look Into a Dark Pool of Water. The Way Donald McKay Managed to Escape the Clutches of the Devil.

That mysterious counterpart of a human being which lengthens with the day and disappears with the sun, to reappear more faintly with the rising of the moon, which we call a shadow, has always struck the imagination of man. It has played a prominent part in primitive superstition and in later folklore. Shadows or shades was the classical name or figure for the spirits of the departed which still remains in use.

This idea is not confined to civilized races. Among the Zulus the spirit is the shade. Bishop Callaway, whose knowledge of Zulu beliefs and modes of thought was unrivaled, says that the Zulus connect the bodily shade with the future disembodied spirit. They believe that the shadow cast by the body will ultimately become the "longo," or spirit, when the body dies, and they say that the long shadow shortens "as a man approaches his end and contracts into a very little thing. When they see the shadow of a man thus contracting, they know he will die. The long shadow goes away when a man is dead, and it is that which is meant when it is said, 'The shadow has departed.' There is, however, a short shadow which remains with the body and is buried with it. The long shadow becomes an ancestral spirit.

Identification of the shadow in any mysterious or spiritual way with the person whose body casts it, naturally leads to respect for the strange second self. To tread on the shadow of a chief is an insult to the chief himself. In the Institutes of Manu, the ancient Hindu law giver, the law runs:

"Let him not intentionally pass over the shadow of sacred images, of a natural or spiritual father, of a king, of a Brahmin who keeps house, or of any reverend personage, nor of one who has just performed a sacrifice."

There are traces of the survival of these primitive ways of regarding a man's shadow in the English country feeling that it is unlucky to cross the path of a newly married man as he leaves the altar; and in another rural belief that it is unlucky to cross the path of horses ploughing when the sun is shining behind them.

Association between shadows and mirrored representations of the human form is obviously natural, so it is not surprising to find superstitions about the shadow mingled with widely scattered versions of the Narcissus legend. The story of the beautiful youth who became enamored of his own image, as he saw it represented in the water, and languished thereafter till he died, has its origin in the belief that trouble follows from beholding the watery image.

"Let him not look at his own image in water; that is a settled rule," commands Manu, the Hindu law giver.

The reason for the prohibition is to be found in the beliefs of man in a primitive state of civilization. The Melanesians of the Pacific, says a learned observer, say: "There is a stream in Saddle Island, or rather, a pool in a stream, into which if any one looks he dies; the malignant spirit takes hold upon his life by means of his reflection in the water." Some such idea as this was probably the root of the Narcissus legend.

The Zulus explain why it is ill to look into the water of a pool by a story of a great beast in the water which can seize the shadow of a man and when his shadow is gone a man no longer wishes to turn back, but desires to enter the pool. He goes in, dies, and is eaten by the great beast which inhabits it. So, says Bishop Callaway, "men are forbidden to lean over and look into a dark pool, it being feared that their shadow should be taken away."

There are other ways in which a man may lose his shadow. There was a temple of Jupiter in Arcadia which, entered by those who were forbidden to do so, robbed them of their shadows.

In the north of Scotland there are some quaint legends of folk who lost this usual attendant. In Sutherland they tell more than one story of a wizard named Donald-Duval McKay. Donald went to a school in Italy where the black art was taught by the devil, who sat in the professor's chair, and at the end of each term claimed as his own the last scholar to depart. Breaking up at this academy was naturally a scramble, none wishing to be last.

On one occasion Donald was really the last, but just as the devil was about to seize him, the resourceful Donald pointed to his own shadow, which fell behind him, saying, "Take thou the hindmost!" Accordingly, his shadow was seized, while he himself escaped, and after his return to Scotland was never seen to have a shadow!

A companion illustration of "De'll tak the bla'most," from Aberdeenshire, is a story of a witch helped into watching his reapers, whose shadow was seized by Satan, and who was ever after shadowless. In literature Chaucer's famous tale of "Peter Schellmyll" is a well known example of the stories of the shadowless.—New York American.

A Great Secret. Old Bachelor Uncle-Well, Charlie, what do you want now?

Charlie—Oh, I want to be rich.

"Rich! Why so?"

"Because I want to be petted. Ma says you are an old fool, but must be petted because you are rich. But it's a great secret, and I mustn't tell it."

A CARD TRICK.

The Sequel to a Challenge to a Duel in a Berlin Cafe.

"Sir!"

"Well?"

"You have been staring at me!"

"Not that I am aware of."

The young gentleman, evidently a student, was about to retire with an apology when the person addressed—a banker—thought proper to add:

"You are altogether too insignificant an individual for me to stare at you."

"Sir, that is an insult! I shall challenge you. Here is my card."

After a moment's hesitation the banker also gave up his card. The cards were inscribed as follows:

"Count Botho von Felsing, student of philosophy."

"Ernst Grunschuld, banker."

The scene occurred in a Berlin cafe, and the count at once took his departure. After his excitement had somewhat abated and he had had time to collect his thoughts Herr Grunschuld also left. Fearing lest his better half might suspect something from his looks, he went straight to his place of business and began to write letters to his friends containing the customary last farewell greetings in case he should fall a prey to a "vindictive and quarrelsome opponent." It was 7 p. m., and the cashier called, as usual, to present his report. Grunschuld ran his eye listlessly over the balance sheet. Suddenly he gave a start.

"A thousand marks drawn for private use! What does this mean? Come; this is above a joke!"

"Have you forgotten, Herr Grunschuld? You were playing at the cafe, you know, and lost a thousand marks, and as you hadn't that amount on you Count von Felsing was good enough to call for the money on his way. He showed me your visiting card in proof of his statement."

Grunschuld hardly knew whether he should go into a fit with vexation or whether he should shout for joy. He had been done out of a thousand marks, but at the same time it was "off" with the duel. When he afterward learned that the imaginary student was a professional swindler he was thankful to have got off so cheaply.

FLAG ETIQUETTE.

Displaying the National Ensign at Half Mast.

There have been many mistakes made about the etiquette of the flag. When President William McKinley was assassinated thousands of loyal Americans raised flags at half mast over their places of business and let them fly by night and by day until they were out. They undoubtedly thought they were showing respect to McKinley's memory. But they were not showing proper respect to the flag. The United States government displayed at that time its flags at half mast from sunrise to sunset from the president's death until his burial. The government regulations provide that on the death of a president in office its flag shall be displayed at half mast only one day.

In memory of the 350,000 Union soldiers who lost their lives during the civil war May 30, Memorial day, each year the United States displays its flag at half mast at all army posts, stations and national cemeteries from sunrise to midday. Immediately before noon a dirge is played by the band or field music, and the national salute of twenty-one guns is fired. At the conclusion of this memorial tribute at noon the flag is hoisted to the top of the staff and remains there until sunset. The idea is that the national ensign is too sacred an object to be long in mourning for any man or number of men, no matter how exalted their rank.

The flag reversed, with the union down, indicates distress. The flag on anything but a fort actually besieged should never be displayed between sunset and sunrise.

When the flag is to be displayed at half mast it is lowered to that position from the top of the staff. It is hoisted to the top before it is finally lowered.—Washington Post.

She Sent It Back.

There has always been a lot of give and take in American women's social adventures in England. But American women have spirit, and if they have taken a good deal they have given back still more.

An Englishwoman called on an American countess in Belgravia.

"Oh, I thought you were out. That's why I called," the Englishwoman said in her sweet, clear, insouciant English voice.

"Well, do you know, I thought I was out, too," the American replied. "My stupid man must have mistaken you for some one else."

The Kickless Dog.

"I wonder why so many people insist on keeping dogs that are no good?"

"Well," replied the proprietor of the village hotel, "I always keep a few dogs because it's a comfort to see 'em take their meals regular without kicking, even if they don't pay any board."

He Wasn't It.

"My dear Miss Blimmore," sadly wrote young Hankinson, "I return herewith your kind note in which you accept my offer of marriage. You will observe that it begins 'Dear George.' I do not know who George is, but my name, as you know, is William."—Chicago Tribune.

Witty.

The following epigram was written on Dr. Isaac Lissom, a once well known English physician:

When folks are sick and send for me I purges, bleeds and sweats 'em. If after that they choose to die What's that to me? Lissom.

A Come-back.

"Honesty, my son," said the millionaire, "is the best policy."

"Well, perhaps it is, dad," rejoined the youthful philosopher, "but it strikes me you have done pretty well, nevertheless."—London Tit-Bits.

CANNIBALISM.

It Is the Religion of the Savages Who Practice It.

In the course of his thirteen years as a missionary in the Fiji Islands the Rev. Joseph Nettleton learned a good deal about cannibalism and even saw some of his colleagues killed and eaten. "It is a common mistake to think that these men eat human beings because of hunger," he said. "Cannibalism is their religion. The ovens in the temple where they cook their human sacrifices are never used for any other purpose. I once witnessed the capture of a white victim. He was surrounded, bound hand and foot and dragged along to the temple, where he was dashed with terrific force against the altar. Then he was pushed inside the compound, while the chiefs arranged as to the division of the body and began a war dance. Their hideous war dance—the 'dema' they call it—makes one's flesh creep. An American sea captain who once visited the islands said he was not so much afraid of being eaten as he was of this dance. It took all the courage out of him."

Mr. Nettleton had to use extreme tact to avoid arousing suspicion among the savages. "My colleague, Mr. Barker, was murdered, cooked and eaten with seven others while exploring," he said. "The cannibals thought he was spying. I never carried a revolver. Why? Because the cannibals say at once, 'He doesn't carry that to kill himself; therefore he means to kill us,' and they eat accordingly."

The Rev. J. Calvert, another of Mr. Nettleton's colleagues, had a narrow escape. He was surrounded by cannibals, and it was decided that he should be killed. By a miracle his life was spared. "My friend pleaded till he was hoarse," said Mr. Nettleton, "but it was of no avail. Suddenly one of the cannibals remembered that Mr. Calvert had declared him when he was ill. 'That saved my friend's life,'—Chicago News.

DEMONIAC PLEASANTY.

Humorous Diversion of the Roman Emperor Commodus.

Professional barbers are said to have been introduced into Rome by Menas from Sicily, of which island he was praetor in the days of Cleero. Under the empire their shops in some instances became fashionable resorts at which every luxury of the toilet was enjoyed and the gossip and news of Rome and the empire were discussed. The means, luxury and weaknesses of personal adornment therein carried to excess are amply immortalized in the pages of Terence, Plautus, Horace, Juvenal and Martial.

Other barber shops were more refined, as we learn from the annals of the Emperor Commodus, who, having wearied at times of the wholesale tragedies of the Coliseum, wherein armies engaged in murder at his savage behest, and being desirous of a little humorous diversion, used, like the caliph of Bagdad in the "Arabian Nights," to disguise himself and sally forth, accompanied by two or more of his favorites, and having hired a barber shop suitable for his purpose, would place one of his men at the door to solicit custom.

Having secured a customer, the emperor barber would politely ally the towel and apply the lather, all the time keeping up a running fire of the latest jests and little pleasantries until the customer and himself were almost overcome with laughter. Then the keen edged razor would slip, and among regrets and proffers of assistance the needless victim would be assisted to the rear of the shop, where between threats and bribes he was kept from making a riot until one or two more victims were added to the number and Commodus, weary of his demoniac pleasantries, was ready to return to the palace or to the arena.—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

The Mails.

When does a crime become punishable? When it is committed by mail. The mail is the most sacred thing known to the United States government except itself. Nothing but treason surpasses in egregiousness the misuse of the mails. So far as the federal authorities are concerned, one may steal, gamble and murder so long as it is not done by correspondence. Do ye whatsoever ye will one unto another, but do not write it down and stick a stamp on the upper right hand corner. For if ye do then in truth will all the demons of justice be unloosed upon your trail.—Life.

Startled the Natives.

Herrera, the Spanish historian, says that Pizarro when he landed in South America owed his life and those of his companions to the fact that one of the party fell off his horse by accident. The natives had succeeded in cutting off the retreat of the Spaniards to their ships, when one of the riders was thrown. The Indians were so astonished at the dissolution of partnership that they took flight at once. They had supposed horse and man to be one animal.

An Inference.

Rose—Why do you pop in and have a game of bridge sometimes? Violet—Oh, well, you see—I've become a bit of a recluse lately. Rose—How much do you owe?—Illustrated Bits.

Thrillless.

"Did she marry the man who rescued her?"

"Yes, and now she's discovered that her life was the only thing he ever saved."—Detroit Free Press.

He Knew the Brand.

First Actor—When I was in Africa I was nearly killed by the bursting of a shell. Second Actor—Oh, who threw the egg?—London M. A. P.

Pure love cannot merely do all, but is all.—Richter.

THE MITTEN CODE

Brief Rules For the Guidance of Unfavored Suitors.

WHAT TO DO WHEN REJECTED

Always Try to Parry the Blow With a Ready Reply, Because Staring in Reproachful Silence Gives the Lady a Chance to Change Her Mind.

Incredible as it may seem, proposals of marriage are sometimes refused, usually because the lady thinks she knows better.

To comport one's self fittingly when rejected is no easy matter. The young beginner is advised to give some thought to his next move in the event of his proposal being declined. To stand staring in reproachful silence displays a lack of superior faire and incidentally gives the lady a chance to change her mind.

The really nice young man when rejected inclines to gloom. The average young man takes up an attitude of sprightliness. To display relief when rejected may not seem in the best taste, but if a girl has refused you that is sufficient evidence that she has no taste at all.

Let us consider the method of the really nice young man. He blinks at a broken heart—a picturesque but improbable happening. He asks if there is no hope. Always he speaks in "low tone." There is the authority of the best fiction for this. Apparently he never shows his query from the doorsteps as he is departing. He mentions suicide in a uncommittal way and eventually takes his leave, "with one last fond, lingering look at her." One can only hope he does not spoil the dramatic value of his exit by tripping over the doorman.

So much for the really nice young man. The average young man has a variety of methods for keeping his end up in the event of being rejected. He imparts an air of levity to the proceedings which must be distinctly irritating when one is expecting time honored references to fractured hearts and blighted hopes.

Copying the average young man, you may therefore when rejected laugh heartily and then remark:

"Well, but, joking apart, isn't the weather beautiful?"

There is something about this formula which prevents the waste of any emotion except annoyance.

Another gambit in taking refusals is to smile with satisfaction and say the simple words:

"I will!"

While the damsel is puzzling out what the words may mean you can effect your escape.

In the event of an emphatic refusal you can always ask smilingly:

"How did you guess I was jolting?"

An effective way to prevent a lady promising to be a sister to you is to get there first by promising to be a son to her, and you can follow it up by saying:

"Oh, well, I must be getting along. I've got another call to make."

There is a subtlety about this remark which enables you to take your leave quite easily.

Always try, however, to be ready to say something at once. If after her "No" you think you have been silent overlong, assume a puzzled look and say:

"Let me see—what were we talking about?"

Should the girl give reasons for refusing you remark:

"Yes, that's just what Jane Jones said last month when I proposed to her."

It may happen that the lady answers your proposal thus:

"No, Harold, I can never be yours. I am affianced to another."

The best thing to do to avoid exposure of your disappointment is to exclaim:

"Yes, I knew that when I asked you."

Another formula when rejected lies in taking a list of names from your pocket, consulting it and remarking:

"You're Miss Susan Smith, aren't you?"

Then you put a tick against the name, sigh relievedly and take your leave.

If you have come primed to say "Thank you, Harriet; you have made me the happiest man in all the world," in answer to her acceptance there is no reason why you shouldn't say it in reply to her refusal.

In the event of receiving a refusal by letter pretend that you did not get it. "This has a disquieting effect. Or if you want to get even wait till she questions you about it and then say with every symptom of glad relief:

"Oh, that letter was from you, was it? I couldn't quite make out the signature, and I thought it was from some one else on a similar matter."

A sportive remark is permissible sometimes when one is refused with lofty contempt:

"That's all right, old girl. Truth is I only asked you because I was feeling a bit sorry for you."

The main point is to be ready witted enough to keep your hat and stick in your hand. Do not leave the house whistling, though. It prevents you from exhibiting an amused smile when she peeps at you from behind the front room curtains.

With luck and practice you will be able to take a refusal of marriage quite well. Don't propose merely for practice, however. Your luck may not hold out.—London Opinion.

Headed For the White House.

The small newsboy was leaning up against the wall, sobbing bitterly.

"Cheer up, my little man," said a passerby. "What's the use of worrying? You may be president some day."

"S-s-say," sobbed the little fellow, "it sure do look as if I was headed that way; somebody's a-losin' a roastin' meat!"—Chicago News.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

In Use For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A QUEER UNIVERSITY.

Cairo Has the World's Oldest Educational Institution.

"When we think of Harvard or Yale, the former dating from 1638 and the latter from 1761, we think of them as old universities," says a writer in the American Educational Review; "but when we pass to the other side of the world we discover that even the oldest American universities are in reality very young institutions."

The oldest educational institution in the world is the University of El Ashar, Cairo, founded in the year 688 by the great Saladin. It is the central seat of learning for the whole Mohammedan world, as well as a fountain of spiritual life. It occupies an ancient mosque in the Arab quarter of Cairo, surrounded by a confusing maze of narrow streets where the population is made up of representatives of every race that follows the prophet.

The old mosque covers several acres and consists of a series of courts surrounded by long cloisters with low roofs supported by forests of columns. The floors of red tiles are covered daily by a multitude of men and boys, squatting in semicircles around their teachers, who sit with their backs to the columns lecturing in monotonous tones.

The chancellor of the university is always a descendant of the prophet and is usually a man of ability and learning. He occupies apartments in El Ashar and is not only the supreme educational but the ecclesiastical head of the church of Egypt.

"There is no organization similar to that in modern universities. Any reputable man who desires to teach can obtain the privilege by application and is assigned a column where he may sit and impart the truth as he thinks proper. His fame or ability will attract more or less students and disciples, who pay him fees according to their means."

THE 'SCOLD'S BRIDLE.

Brutal Punishment to Which Women Were Once Subjected.

The brank, or scold's bridle, or gossip's bridle, was neither more nor less than a muzzle. It was in general use in Great Britain from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, and in Scotland as well women were muzzled for certain offenses, some at least of them more imaginary than real. The instrument of torture, even a dog's leather muzzle, is uncomfortable. How much more the scold's muzzle! It consisted, according to a high authority, Mr. W. Jewitt, of a kind of crown or framework of iron, which was locked upon the head, and it was armed in front with a gag, a plate or a sharp cutting knife or point, which was placed in the poor woman's mouth so as to prevent her moving her tongue, or it was so placed that if she did move it or attempt to speak it was cut in a most frightful manner. With this cage upon her head and with the gag firmly pressed and locked against her tongue the miserable creature, whose sole of fending perhaps was that she raised her voice in defense of her social rights against a brutal and besotted husband or had spoken honest truth of some one high in office in her town, was paraded through the streets, led by a chain by the hand of a bellman, the bundle or the constable or chained to the pillory, the whipping post or market cross, to be subjected to every conceivable insult and degradation, without even the power left her of asking for mercy or of promising amendment for the future, and when the punishment was over she was turned out from the town hall or the place where the brutal punishment had been inflicted, maimed, disfigured, bleeding, faint and degraded, to be the subject of comment and jeering among her neighbors.—London Family Herald.

A THRILLING RIDE.

The Piano Run a Frenchman Gave a Locomotive Engineer.

"I was loitering around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, "An I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a sleek looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tipped the keys away up one end, just as if they were gages and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old 36 pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a special. The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little he kicked the dampers under the machine while open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that he was pounding in the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, and trees appeared to be a mudbank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a humbeeb. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around the curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his seat plug, went down grades fifty feet to the mile and not a controlling brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and chugging for more steam. My hair stood up straight, because I knew the game was up. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of a special. In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people smashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the firebox of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano!"

Heat.

Little things like bacilli will live in a temperature of above 211 degrees F. Experimental observations of stokers have shown that man is a cousin to the salamander. Dante made six fiery circles of hell and felt constrained to resort to ice for the seventh and last condemnation of souls. Heat, in other words, is a relative term. Heat is beneficial if you like things hot. It depends on the point of view. Heat is supposed to be enervating. The hookworm is engendered by it. But, then, a race horse will go much faster on a hot day than a cool one. The fiercest rays of the sun appear to lubricate the joints. There are various kinds of heat, such as just common, everyday heat, prickly heat and the heat of debate, etc.—Kansas City Times.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

SANTAL-MIDY These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Capivi, Cubebs or Injections and RELIEVES IN 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper in which the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Society, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1910.

NOTES.

A MIDDLE-FASHION TOWN MEETING, IN 1836.

BY R. ALLEN, LL.D.

(Continued.)

I see Esquire Norman with his ruffe shirt bosom and ruffles of white linen at his waist; and Judge Halsey, portly and dressed in the same manner, and the Moderator as he took off his bell crowned hat and dropped some papers from it, when he approached the platform; and the tobacco chewing, spitting, easy shambling, quick witted, laughing part of the company, a little back of the center of the church, but always keenly awake to understand what was going on, and sometimes to speak and ready to vote every time. Scenes like these made New England the leader of our government policy for many years, and the citizens trained under such a regimen have made the Northwest.

As soon as the Town Clerk was at the table the Moderator said, "We will now hear the warrant of the Electmen calling this Annual Town Meeting." All gave special attention and Russell Springer, a short round shouldered man, with goggles over his eyes, and very animated voice proceeded to read. I have among my papers one of these "Notices," or warrants calling "The Town Meeting," and it is certainly queer for spelling, chronology, minuteness in specifying the business proposed, and the quaintness of its phraseology. It would be too long to copy and can be illustrated by an example or two. It is a weather stained and wind torn coarse paper document having been posted literally on a heavy brown oak post at "The Four Corners," during the "thirty days required by law." It is:

"NOTICE."

"According to LAW, the legally qualified Freeman of the Town of Hiltop are HEREBY Notified to meet in Annual Town Meeting.

"TO SEE whom they will choose for the following below named Officers"—here there are enumerated some twenty four officers, from Moderator and Town Clerk down to Hog Rye and Tithing men, (the business of the latter was to keep order in public meetings.)

To See who shall be chosen as the two representatives in the General Assembly this year.

To See what shall be ordered as the tax levy for the year ensuing.

To See if the Town will repair the bridge over the Willow Creek.

To See who shall be keeping the Town's poor.

To See if the Town will order a new road to be laid out and opened over Willow Hill."

"And so on "TO SEE" to about forty-five enumerated particulars and closing

"TO SEE if any other business shall, at the said Annual Town Meeting, be brought forward and transacted."

"By authority and order of the Selectmen of the aforesaid Town of Hiltop."

"Witness our hands and seals this—day of March 1836." Signed by the five Selectmen, and countersigned by Russell Springer, Town Clerk.

The Moderator then stated that the Town Meeting was duly open for business.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

6492. VANS.—[In the Mercury of Apr. 4, 1908.]—Vans family in America it says that Isaac De Vans married Rebecca Larkin daughter of Edward Austin on anyone else that I had access to give Edward a daughter Rebecca, but Edward did have a daughter-in-law Rebecca, wid. of his son John in 1791, she was a member of a church in 1797, and probably married Isaac in 1798. If anyone can prove or disprove my theory I shall be very glad.

MUNGER—James Munger married about 1800 Sarah D. Hingst, he died aged 47. She married 2nd Farham They lived about 1820 near Auburn, N. Y. then went west and died there. Wanted ancestry of Sarah.—N. R. F.

6493. WARNER—Job Warner was born about 1790, died in Wis., 1863, he had a sister Dorcas, removed to Chautauque Co., N. Y. Job was bound to Mr. Cobb. He married Henrietta Brown Tiffany and had ten children. I have the names of two. Nancy Henrietta born 1812, in Brattleboro, Vt., married Ira Bristol, and George born same place. Was Job the son of John Warner and Miss Hurlbut, the brother of Seth? TIFFANY—Henrietta Brown Tiffany married Job Warner. Wanted her ancestry and dates.—N. R. F.

6494. BRISTOL—Bristol married twice had children: James; Elijah; Amos; Philo; Anne; and Amos. James and Elijah were not by the same wife. James was born about 1780, married about 1800, Sarah D. Munger. He died aged 47. Elijah married Tryphena Torrey. Amos died to Bethany Geo. Co., N. Y. Wanted the ancestry of James.—N. R. F.

Theodore McMahon, diver attached to the United States Engineer office here, has been ordered to Havana to examine the wreck of the Maine and make report in regard to conditions for raising her.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, R. I. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, July 25th, A. D. 1910. BY VIRTUE of an order of the Honorable Court of Probate, Middle-town, R. I., in and for the County of Providence, on the 11th day of January, A. D. 1910, and returnable to the said Court July 11th, A. D. 1910, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 25th day of November, A. D. 1909, in favor of Captain Brothers Company, a corporation, only incorporated under the laws of said State, and located in the City and County of Providence, plaintiff, and against James T. Allen alias John Doe, of the City and County of Newport, defendant, I, the undersigned Sheriff of said County of Providence, do hereby sell, to wit: the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, James T. Allen alias John Doe had on the 31st day of March, A. D. 1909, at 25 minutes past 1 o'clock in the afternoon of the attachment on the original writ, in and to certain lot or parcels of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northeastly by land of W. A. and A. Jackson, Southwesterly by Warner street, Northwesterly by the City Cemetery, and Southwesterly by land of J. T. and H. L. Allen, and containing about 200 square feet of land, more or less.

2nd parcel. Northeastly by land of J. T. Allen, Southwesterly by Warner street, Northwesterly by the City Cemetery, and Southwesterly by land of A. E. and F. W. Ayleworth, and containing about 200 square feet of land, more or less. He the said movements more or less, or otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and listed on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, in said County of Providence, on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

9-10-1W

Carr's List.

HILDA OF THE HIPPODROME.

by Dorothy Charlotte Paine.

THE NATIVE BOIN.

by L. A. R. Wythe.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIFE.

by Cora Harris.

THE O'FLYNN.

by Justin H. McCarthy.

AILSA PAIGE.

by Robert Chambers.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

No. 1565

REPORT

OF THE condition of THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business Sept. 1, 1910.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$31,926.12
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	680.00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	7,500.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	188,802.71
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	82,482.70
Due from approved reserve agents	27,431.91
Checks and other cash items	1,781.85
Exchanges for clearing house	4,161.86
Notes of other National Banks	5,855.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	1,401.45
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	\$3,991.16
Legal-tender notes	41,702.16
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,000.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer	1,900.00
Total	\$747,733.21

LIABILITIES.

DOLLARS.

Capital stock paid in

Surplus fund

Undivided profits, less expenses

and taxes paid

National Bank notes outstanding

Due to other National Banks

Due to Trust Companies

and Savings Banks

Due to approved Reserve Agents

Individual deposits subject to check

Demand certificates of deposit

Certified checks

Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed

Total

\$747,733.21

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.

I, George H. Frood, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEO. H. FROOD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24 day of September, 1910.

PACER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Edward A. Brown, Edward S. Peckham, F. B. Coggeshall, Directors.

REPORT

OF THE condition of THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business September 1, 1910.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$31,926.12
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	70.00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	55,000.00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	82,482.70
Due from approved reserve agents	27,431.91
Checks and other cash items	103.00
Exchanges for clearing house	4,161.86
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	826.45
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	36,571.00
Legal-tender notes	1,700.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	6,500.00
Total	\$663,598.85

LIABILITIES.

DOLLARS.

Capital stock paid in

Surplus fund

Undivided profits, less expenses

and taxes paid

National Bank notes outstanding

Due to other National Banks

Due to Trust Companies

and Savings Banks

Due to approved Reserve Agents

Individual deposits subject to check

Demand certificates of deposit

Certified checks

Cashier's checks outstanding

Total

\$663,598.85

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.

I, Henry O. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. O. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of September, 1910.

PACER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: George W. Sherman, Albert K. Sherman, G. P. Taylor, Directors.

"Meet Me at Barney's."

YOU

are most cordially invited to visit our booth at the

at the

County Fair

which will be located on the second floor of

the

MAIN BUILDING.

BARNEY'S

Music Store,

140 Thames Street.

LITTLE RHODY'S BIG FAIR
Rhode Island's Only Fair - New England's Best Fair

SEPT. 13, 14, 15, 16

TUES., SEPT. 13 The Day to See the BIG EXHIBITS

WED. SEPT. 14 GRANGE DAY
Speakers of National Fame

THURS. SEPT. 15 GOVERNOR'S DAY
Annual Address by President Rowland G. Hazard

FRIDAY, SEPT. 16 CHILDREN'S DAY
All Children Under 15 Years ADMITTED FREE

EXHIBITIONS Bigger and Better Than Ever
Including Live Stock, Farm Implements, Household and Dairy Products, Fruit and Vegetables, Flowers and Plants, Textiles, Art, Labor Saving Machines, etc.

FAST RACING EVERY AFTERNOON
PREMIUMS AND PURSES ALL GREATLY INCREASED

FREE VAUDEVILLE SHOW
Furnished by the Famous Adelaide, Carlyle and Grand Stand

DAILY 10 A. M. and 1:30 P. M. In front of the Grand Stand

SPECIAL RATES from all points **ADMISSION 30 CENTS**

ALL IN A FLUTTER?

Who wouldn't be? Wedding day but a short way off and so many things to attend to. We've been thinking of you for a long time and store's just filled with pretty things for your new home—so nicely arranged too, can't possibly be a bit of confusion or a chance of overlooking a single thing. You start at the top floor and come down through the store fitting out one room at a time until you reach the ground floor when you finish, it's all done before you know it. Isn't that fine?

THIRD FLOOR is given over entirely to parlor things, and it's a picture to behold. A hundred parlors all assembled in one grand exhibit. You'll wonder as you glance about if there are any little priced ones they all look so grand; but they're here, right in the front row; though you'd never guess it for there's a close family resemblance to the \$50 sort, but they begin at

\$22.50

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.

TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS

FEDERAL EXPRESS COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To Indies traveling alone this is a great saving.

These trains are splendidly equipped—reclining buffet parlor car and dining car in either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS COLONIAL EXPRESS

Daily, Sundays included. Daily except Sundays.

Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington.

Due Washington at 8:15 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.

For information write A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 112 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

Extension Telephone Sets

Conveniently located in a home save time, energy and confusion, obviate the necessity of going up or down stairs to answer calls.

Especially useful in time of a sickness, can be placed at the bedside. Many men have directed important business matters by the aid of an extension telephone.

Rates 50 cents and \$1 per month.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 112 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.

August 15, A. D. 1910.

Estate of David Coggeshall, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court this third account therewith, and thereon prays that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the nineteenth day of September next, A. D. 1910, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

5-20-3w ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Where are the undesirable habits of the yesterday?—Washington Herald.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, September 8th, 1910.

Estate of Eliza Horton.

WILLIAM H. HARRIS, Administrator on the estate of Eliza Horton, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his petition, requesting that the personal estate of said deceased be sold, and that the proceeds thereof be paid to the said administrator, the expenses of her funeral, and of supporting her family, and settling her estate according to law; that said deceased, at the time of her death, was seized and possessed of a certain tract or parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows: Situated by Dixon street, sixty-five (65) feet; Eastwesterly by land now or formerly of Patrick Keefe, sixty (60) feet; Northwesterly by an open court by way, sixty-five (65) feet; and Westwesterly by land now or formerly of John Egan, sixty (60) feet, being the same parcel of land conveyed to the late Eliza Horton, deceased, while in life by the heirs at law of the late Martin Horton, deceased.

And further requesting, that by a sale of only so much of said estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much inured, as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and referred to the twenty-first day of September, instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

9-10-3w

New England Navigation Co.

FOR NEW YORK—

ALL WATER ROUTE

FALL RIVER LINE, Leave Long Wharf, Newport, week days at 9:15 P. M.; Sundays 10 P. M. Steamers COM. MONWELTH and PRINCESSIA. Or electric on each.

For New York and Points on the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. via Wickford Junction.

WICKFORD LINE—

WATER and RAIL ROUTE

Steamer GENERAL, from Long Wharf.

Week days only A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

Newport (Str.) iv. 9:50 1:05 4:05 7:00

Wickford Jun. at. 11:15 2:15 5:15 8:30

Wickford Jun. iv. 11:40 2:45 7:01 9:00

New London, ar. 12:45 3:45 8:03 10:20

New Haven, ar. 1:50 4:50 9:10 11:35

New York, ar. 3:50 7:00 11:00 at 5:55

P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

Arrives Harlem River Station.

For Block Island and Providence.

ALL WATER ROUTE

STEAMER NEW SHOREHAM

"SPECIAL SERVICE" A. L. CARTER

Week days leave Long Wharf, Newport, 11:15 a. m. Due Block Island 1:15 p. m. Returning leave Block Island 8:30 p. m. Due Newport 5:15 p. m.

Providence 7:15 p. m. Sundays leave Newport 11:40 a. m. Due Block Island 1:40 p. m. Returning leave Block Island 8:30 p. m. Due Newport 5:15 p. m., Providence 7:15 p. m.

For tickets, staterooms, parlor car seats, apply at City Ticket office, 350 Thames St., at Wharf Office and Purser's office on steamers.

C. C. Gardner, Agent, Newport, R. I.

F. C. Coley, A. G. P. A., New York.

1-3

Rhode Island

NORMAL SCHOOL

ANNOUNCES the opening of the next term on MONDAY, Sept. 12, at 9 a. m. The School offers four courses of study, as follows:

1. A general course of two and one-half years, which prepares for teaching in primary and grammar grades of the public schools.

2. A kindergarten-primary course of the same length.

3. A credit course of one year for teachers of successful experience.

4. A course of one year for college graduates, training for the higher grades, for high school positions, and for service in the Catholicate will be sent on application.

9-8-2w

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, executed by Frederick A. Clarke, 2d, of the City and County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, to the Savings Bank of Newport, a corporation created by and located in the City and County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bearing date March 15th, A. D. 1901, and recorded in Mortgages Land Evidence said Newport, Vol. 43, folio 2, and also recorded in Land Evidence of Middletown, R. I., Book 19, page 26, etc., which said mortgage has since been duly assigned to Max Levy, there having been no breach in performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed:

There will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on SATURDAY, September 17th, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, all that certain lot or parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate partly in the City of Newport and partly in the Town of Middletown, and bounded Northwesterly on land of John Anderson, fifty (50) feet; Easterly, on a Court or Way leading Northwesterly from Vernon Avenue, one hundred (100) feet; Southerly, on Vernon Avenue, fifty (50) feet, and Westerly, on land of said John Anderson, one hundred (100) feet, being the same lot conveyed to Frederick A. Clarke by Joshua J. Bechler and wife by deed dated May 15th, 1901.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale.

5-20-1w Assignee of the Mortgagee.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, September 3d, 1910.